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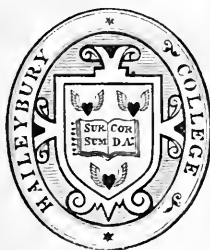
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HAILEYBURY VERSES.



HERTFORD:

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, FORE STREET.

1882.

HERTFORD :

PRINTED BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

PN
6110
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TO

MRS. BRADBY,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

FOR

THE KINDLY INFLUENCE

WHICH SHE HAS EXERCISED OVER THE SCHOOL,

This Little Book

IS DEDICATED.

817950

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NOMS DE PLUME.

<i>αἵπτον ἄχιον</i>	REV. G. E. JEANS.
EROS	J. RENNELL RODD.
<i>Νῆσος</i>	H. M'L. INNES.
BOB	R. H. B. SIMPSON.
OLIM HAILEYBURIENSIS	H. ABELL.
L.	R. G. LEGGE.
MERLIN	F. H. TRENCH.
R. H. D.	R. H. DOMENICHETTI.
S.	R. F. SHARP.
W. H. S.	W. H. SAVILE.



*WHILE yet from far we hear the sullen waves
That beat along the weary shores of life,
And still the murmur of the coming strife
Is but a sound for us, we that still be
Within the precincts of thine old grey walls,
O Haileybury, give thee heartfelt thanks ;
Thanks for the manhood thou hast striven to raise,
Thanks for the word, perchance in other days
To blossom into deed ; and when, as men,
Mayhap grown grey of years, we come again
And wander through the playing fields once more,
And hear the boyish laughter as of yore,
Or turn aside with eyes and heart half-sad
That such sweet idle hours are done for us ;
And enter where the shadowed dome of prayer
Stands golden-crossed aloft in sunny air,
Then shall grey-headed manhood kneel and pray
That, 'ere the peril of his future way,
Each lad may learn to choose the noblest goal,
And grave thy "Sursum Corda" on his soul.*

MERLIN.

HAILEYBURY VERSES.

SOLITUDE.

THE sun had dipt behind an Alpine crest,
Leaving one blush on the last belt of snow,
That softly lay against the cold clear west.
All else was dark ; no sound of streamlet's flow
Rose from the depths of the ravine below.
The slumb'rous pines became weird shadowy
forms,
And in the death-deep calm forgot past storms.

Then, slowly 'merging from the hollow gloom,
On dusky pinions flapping round and round
With sudden swoop, two mountain vultures loom
Above the precipices silence-bound,
Wheeling this way and that, as though they found
No other scope for their ill-boding flight
But in the awful spaces of the night.

Until at length a smile of dawn began
To flicker on the snows, and as it stole
From peak to peak and quite removed the ban,
The mountains, like some great sad human
soul,
From which long-brooding clouds of sorrow
roll,
Looked up upon the sky's fresh face above,
All happy for the sweet return of love.

W. H. S.



THE SLUGGARD.

AWAY with the Sluggard, who drowsily sleeps
Till the chapel warningly rings,
Then quick from the mattress he hurriedly leaps,
And hastens to pull on his things.

He tugs at his boots with a strength of despair,
Gets perfectly wild with the laces ;
The labouring linen subsides in a tear,
And crack go the much-mended braces.

Then a hunt for the tooth-brush, till losing all
hope,

He discovers it under his bed ;
Just a swish of the sponge, and a twirl of the soap,
And he hurriedly towels his head.

Then the buttons fly here and the collar stud
there,

As he enters his shirt with a rush ;
And, supposing there's time, he will favour his
hair
With a cursory sweep of the brush.

Then his tie must be tied, and his waistcoat
pulled on,

And his cap (which was lost in the fray) ;
And his coat, but the buttoning needn't be done :
It will do very well on the way.

Then away to the chapel ; he's nearly got there,
When the pitiless clock sounds his knell,
And Campbell stands by with a business-like air,
Triumphantly tinkling his bell.

THE RIVER.

DOWN from the rocks with music making murmur,
Then through the green fields, bubbling o'er the
pebbles ;
Swelled here and there by other little streamlets,
Flows on the river.

Now through some garden full of coloured flowers,
Where, in the summer, basking in the shadows,
Birds, of a plumage brilliant, pour their ditties
Into the welkin.

Now through the woodlands, where the sacred
Naiads
Lead up their dances on thy mossy margin ;
Then when they've finished, dip their virgin bodies
Into the water.

Here now a grayling sleeps among the rushes ;
Here on thy waters floats a swan majestic :
Thus flows the fleeting river, till at length it
Reaches the ocean.

THOMAS PERCY SWIFT.

FORGIVEN, NOT FORGOTTEN.

CHILD of the dark eyes, do you know
What it is makes me kiss you so ?
'Tis that your eyes are dark and deep,
And Love in their low depths seems to sleep
As in those of my love when he kissed me so,
Long ago, ah, long ago !

Child of the dark hair, can you guess
Why from your head I cut a tress ?
Because his lock of the same dark hue
I burnt in scorn when he proved untrue ;
But now I could look on it calmly, so,
It was so long, so long ago !

ISAMON.

SONG.

So long have I missed thee, come once more,
 Spirit of holy wonder ;
Bring back to this dull cold heart of mine
The magic glow of the soft sunshine
 And the cataract's voice of thunder.
Show me new depths of mystic lore
In the heart of the sea, on the face of the shore ;
Spirit of wonder, come once more !

Thou that dost haunt the child's still mind
 As the dawn of his years is breaking,
And the eyes of womankind fathomless,
Through a depth of love they would fain express,
 When first love's voice is speaking :
Come to the older world-worn mind,
Lest a film spread over and make it blind
To all that is fair before and behind.

W. H. S.

HERODOTUS AT ATHENS.

FROM "HERODOTUS," PRIZE POEM, 1876.

* * * * *

AND, when the plaudits of the crowd are still,
A stranger rises, whom they do not know.

With thrilling voice, and words that seem to fill
Each heart with eager longing, till they grow
All wrapt in listening, and the words still flow
In limpid eloquent streams, he leads them on
Through all their history's maze, till o'er him
slow

Outspreads the radiance of the setting sun,
While peals his clear voice out the tale of
Marathon.

And they had sat long hours until this,
The climax of his story; they had heard
Of giant town and giant wilderness,
With wistful wonder, till that magic word
Burst from his lips. Then, with one impulse
stirred,

Ten thousand tongues were loosed with shouts
that fell
Upon the evening air, and undeterred
For all he waved them back, the rushing swell
As one in triumph bore him to the citadel.

They gave him talents of the golden dower
That Athens treasured, crowned his flowing
hair,
Unshorn from many wanderings ; his hour
Of triumph dawned at last, to make repair
For all the toils that he had vowed to bear.
Alas for earthly joys so soon o'erthrown !
Alas for man's ingratitude ! so near
The goal of happiness, that was to crown
The cycle of his toils, and yet 'twas ne'er his own.

For glory is not lasting until death
Has set his seal upon it ; so it fell
That he was stricken by the envious breath
That jealousy out-poured. O was it well ?
O Athens ! Athens ! did thy pride rebel,
And turn from him thou shouldest have
adored ?—
His throne should have been in thy citadel,
His feast for ever at thy public board,
Among the heroic band thou lovest to reward.

* * * * *

Yet shalt thou be remembered, for the birth
Of History was with thee ; and so, where'er
Men read the story of this ancient earth,
To thee their hearts turn fondly, to revere
Thy greatness, and to pay thy wrongs a tear.
Hadst thou not been, then all those things of
yore
Were perished quite ; but now from year to
year

Men build on stones that thou hast laid before,
And echo in new tales thy word for evermore.

J. RENNELL RODD.



SESQUIPEDALIA.

O WONDERS sure will never cease,
 For words it seems do still increase,
 We're all so good and wise and grand ;
 But Sesquipedalian crack-jaw jargon,
 Cunningly hodge-podged Latin and Greek,
 In bombastical twaddle we're all so far gone,
 With our modern enlightened bubble and
 squeak !

There once was a town called London, they say,
 But that place has long been improved away,
 And we worship with pride black leagues of
 streets,
 Where all that is modern and civilised meets.
 Our "great metropolis" glorious jargon, etc.

If a more than usually muddled noddle
 On things in general pours out twaddle,
 Setting right everything under the sun,
 Oh no ! of him we never make fun.

For it's "Sociology" wonderful jargon, etc.

The "mob" is a term we never repeat,
 And the "rabble" has long been obsolete ;

For the ruling class that we all adore
Must have their syllables, five or more.

As the "Proletariat," Frenchified jargon, etc.

We've no "Dissenters"—syllables three
Won't do for those excellent men, you see,
So we give them a much more imposing name,
Though the sense, to be sure, is precisely the same.

Of "Nonconformity," pompous jargon, etc.

Ah, great was the man, surpassingly great,
Who coined from his Sesquipedalian pate
A word that should dazzle and awe and stun
That word of power, that wonderful "Un-
Denominationalism,"—for jargon, etc.

Then hail to the quacks that are mending our
tongue,
To the scribes that have scribbled, the bards that
have sung,
To Moses and Son, and to Rowland and Co.,
And may civilisation unceasingly grow.
With its Sesquipedalian mouth-filling jargon,
Cunningly hodge-podged Latin and Greek,
In bombastical twaddle we're all so far gone,
With our modern enlightened bubble and
squeak!

DEMENS.

SONG.

I REMEMBER low on the water,
They hung from the dripping moss ;
In the broken shrine of some stream-god's
daughter,
Where the North and South roads cross.
And I plucked some sprays for my love to wear,
Some tangled sprays of the maidenhair.

So you went North with the swallow,
Away from this southern shore,
And the summers pass and the winters follow,
And the years, but you come no more.—
You have roses now in your breast to wear,
And you have forgotten the maidenhair.

And the sound of echoing laughter,
The songs that we used to sing ;
To remember these in the days long after,
May seem but a foolish thing.
Yet I know to me they are always fair,
My withered sprays of the maidenhair.

EROS.

A HAILEYBURY YARN.

DID you ever hear tell of the chivalrous feat
 Performed long ago by a 'Burian lad,
 Who challenged, and battled, and managed to
 beat

In a fair stand up fight a big Hertfordshire
 cad.

It isn't recorded at all that I know of,
 But though unrecorded its something to crow of :
 And if you will pardon the faults of writing,
 I'll spin you the yarn of this wonderful fighting.

'Sixty-three was the year,
 There was terrible feud,
 'Twixt the boys at the school
 And the Bucolic brood ;
 And rarely there passed
 The half of a day,
 But news would be told
 Of a terrible fray.

At night, in the studies, shins damaged were
 bared,

Bruised noses exhibited, black eyes compared ;

Although all was done both by Prefect and
Master,
The war went on fiercer and hot blood ran faster,
Till at length it became quite the recognized
thing
If college met cad—to go at it full swing.

I.

One day in December, Anno 'Sixty-three
A small college boy with the house cap at
Price—
(Now called, I think "Colvin") in innocent glee
Was sliding about on the "College Arms" ice.
He slid and he whistled, his heart was so light,
Nor had he the remotest idea of fight :
But as ill-luck would have it, there came by that
way,
Some young men of Hertford, all ripe for a fray ;
And they spotted the college boy sliding in glee,
Young, blooming, and joyous, as schoolboy
should be.
Said they, "Here's a lark ! He's alone, and we're
ten,
He is but a kid, all of us here are men ;
We've most of us suffered at one time or other
From the fists and the stones of the college ;

Let's have our revenge without any more bother,
And spifflicate him out of knowledge."

But the young 'un was wary and saw their device,
And, whistling nonchalantly, slipped off the ice,
And sauntered away with a hand in each pocket,
When whiz!—there came by with the force of a
rocket

A stone-weighted snowball, a mummified cat,
A shower of stones, and a nasty brickbat.

"Ten to one," thought the young 'un, "that's
rather long odds,

But those who die young are beloved of the gods,
And if they must swash me, why, let 'em come
now,

I can't get away, so I'll hazard the row."

So he cocked his Price cap with an action defiant,
As if they were pigmies and he was a giant,
And faced them—"Look here, I can't quite fight
the lot,

But you'll see what I'll do with the biggest
you've got."

At first they all whispered, for nobody dared,
When a big doughty baker stepped forth and
prepared,

By tucking up sleeves and anointing his fists,
To batter the college boy out of the lists.

II.

Like the sail of a windmill

Round went the cad's arm :

But the young 'un smiled calmly,

Nor felt he alarm,

For Campbell had taught him that Beef's worth
is nil

When brought against science and pluck in a mill.
So the brave little champion danced like a cork,
And let the cad pump himself out with hard work :
Which he did very much, to his backer's chagrin,
Who brought him a pint from the "College
Arms" Inn,

And didn't improve his condition, for soon
He wobbled about like a wounded balloon ;
And the young 'un, all smiles, was as fresh as a
lark,

And keeping his muscles and wind in the dark,
Till he saw a good chance, then he let out his
right,

And landed it on his foe's organ of sight ;
Then he danced out of reach on the tips of his
toes,

And tapped him a playful one straight on the
nosc.

The Baker-man pounded and blustered and swore,
And ran perspiration at every pore ;
He couldn't get near the small 'Burian boy,
If he had—he'd have crushed him, of course, like
a toy.

With halloo and cry,
His friends standing by
Endeavoured to put some pluck into his soul ;
But the blows came so fast,
And his wind wouldn't last,
And one eye was no good,
And a torrent of blood

From his nose down his waistcoat began for to roll.
The little white fists went home at each blow ;
The Baker went in and attempted a throw ;
But the young 'un was quick, and in less than a
trice

Brought the Hertfordshire cad with a thump on
the ice.

Then mark!—and please blush as the deed I
record—

Like a chivalrous knight who abandons his sword
When his rival is down, and who stoops by his side
To stem with his kerchief the fast ebbing tide,
The College boy stooped where the baker still lay
Inert, without breath, like a carcass of clay,

And lifted his head. With an oath the great brute
Kicked the lad on the face with his iron-shod foot !
And the chivalrous friends who were standing
around,

With a triumphant howl bore the boy to the
ground.

He would ne'er have got up, but two prefects
came by,

Saw the hubbub, and both heard the boy's piteous
cry ;

Right and left 'mongst the cowards they ham-
mered about,

And bore the young hero triumphantly out.

So ended the fight, and no Hertfordshire cad

For years dare encounter a 'Burian lad :

And altho' the story is well-nigh forgot,

At the "College Arms" Inn they still show you
the spot

Where the young 'un of Price's won deathless
renown,

By knocking the big Hertford Bakerman down ;

And some, who are Old Haileyburians now,

Will p'raps, when they read this, remember the
row.

OLIM HAILEYBURYENSIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUTENANTS MELVILL AND COGHILL,

KILLED JANUARY 22ND, 1879.

THEY died,
 Their glory won ;
 Honour was satisfied
 And duty done !

We found them with the colours of their land,
 Untarnished by the murderous Zulu's band ;
 And England's mighty bosom glows with pride
 To know how well her gallant striplings died.

Why weep ?

We all must die,
 And in the dreamless sleep
 Of destiny

Those who would rest the calmest sure are they
 Whom duty unto death hath called away ;
 Whose glorious deeds, through Fame's emblazon-
 ing pen,

Inspire the minds and touch the hearts of men.

O Grave !
At Honour's beck
The spirits of our brave
Despise thy check !
The fadeless star of many a gory plain
O'er Isandula's battle gleams again ;
And still for England will her soldiers ride
To do and die, as Melvill, Coghill, died !



THE BUTTERFLY'S EPITAPH.

MOURN him ! ye lilies pure,
Oft hath his blood-hued wing
Lain on your snowy breast,
Or in the sunset light
Flaunted its beauty.
Mourn him ! ye twilight airs ;
Fold up those broidered wings
Softly and tenderly,
For they shall never more

Waver from bud to bud,
Hang, like a breathing flower,
Over the gardens.
Mourn him ! ye velvet bees ;
Hither bring incense sweet
From your cool-shaded haunts,
That on its fragrancý
He may float upward ;
Up from the murm'ring fields,
Over the far, white clouds,
Into the sunny blue ;
Into that dreamy land
Where poets dwell, and where
Butterflies die not.

MERLIN.



CURSORY RHYMES.

Tom and Will
Had ate their fill.
In ten minutes and a quarter,
Tom outstripped
Poor Will, who slipped
And ran and got the court, ah !

Goosey goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
On the heath,
Or down to Smeath?
Of the last I think I'm fonder.

Georgie Porgie
In the remove,
For fagging thinks
He'll show no love.
When the boys come out to play
Georgie Porgie runs away.

He-haw!
Fingers sore!
I cannot write any faster,
I shall get
More lines to-day
Because I've not finished my last, ah!

Boy asleep,
His place can't keep,
And don't know how to find it;
Leave him alone
And hear him groan,
When he goes on a page behind it.

“Ba ! Ba ! black sheep
 Do you know the rule ?”
 “Yes, Sir ! N’no S-s-sir !”
 “EXTRA SCHOOL.”

“Why go you so slowly, my little fag ?”
 “Cause I make it a rule on an errand to lag.”
 “Where have you been to, my little fag ?”
 “Been to the grub shop, Sir, for a bag.”
 “What is there in it, my little fag ?”
 “Don’t you wish you may get it,” replied the
 small wag.

Holloa across !
 Shout till you’re hoarse !
 Encourage the Twenty the goal-line to cross !
 Rings on their jerseys
 And rings on their hose,
 They shall be famous wherever they goes.

Newman Aarcy
 Old yet wary,
 Where is it your milkcans grow ?
 With the milk you sells,
 Amid shouts and yells,
 To the study-jugs all in a row.

SEA PICTURES.

I.

SUNSET.—CORNWALL.

ONE autumn even from the westmost steep
 I watched the daylight passing o'er the deep ;
 Down from the setting sun the great waves rolled
 Along its seaward path of molten gold ;
 All the dark ocean-rocks like capes of brass
 Gleamed where the foam had washed them, and
 the grass
 Grew glorious with that light, and the long swell,
 Line after line that followed, rose and fell
 And shattered into frosted gold ; the sky
 Arched splendour over splendour,—isles that lie
 Of crimson cloudland in pale lakes of blue,—
 Red bars of flame with one star peering through,
 Silent for glory, and the sea's monotone
 Grew past with silence ;—the great world rolled on
 And the sun watched along the waves, until
 The glow died upwards on the western hill,
 And the shade saddened over all the sea
 Reaching away, starward, away from me
 Into the twilight and eternity.

II.

TWILIGHT.—NORMANDY.

Late even now, and overclouded skies,
To-night we shall not see the young moon rise ;
The twilight grows, away on either hand
The cliffs are lost in mystic shadowland.
Only low sound of breakers as they die,—
Pale shimmer of waters, and a pale still sky,
Where darkness gathers on the moving sea,
And yet the child laughs light of heart with me.
Still deeper now ;—one little brown-sailed bark
Glides past us seaward drifting into dark
The only light is on the white sea-foam,
And the lamp by the crucifix :—come home !

RENNELL RODD.

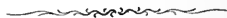


“INSCRIPTION ON A BUDDHIST
BELL, YEZO, JAPAN.”

ALL things are transient
And being born must die ;
And being born are dead,
And being dead are glad
To be at rest.

*ἅπαντα ῥεῖ· κούδεν μένει
πέφυκε γὰρ θανεῖσθαι·
πεφυκότα τέθνηκε, θανόντα κεχάρηκε
τυχόνθ' ἔκηλα κεῖσθαι.*

αὔριον ἄδιον.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

THE tide is on the turn ; the uncertain sea,
With heavy swell, is swaying listlessly ;
The wandering waves, with soft and gentle plash,
Scarce dare to break the stillness, and the wash
Back from the shelving shore, with dreamy rush
Of pebbles, dying to a dreamy hush,

Seems as the faintest echo of the roar
Of beating surf, that crashed upon the shore
But three brief hours ago. With weird, wild cry
The gulls sweep circling through the troubled sky;
All else seems held in mystic silence still,
As 'neath the power of an enchanter's will.

But, lo ! from where the craggy forelands bound
The limits of the bay, a rushing sound
Is sudden borne upon the breeze, and wakes
The sea from slumber, and like magic, breaks
The spell that holds the waves. Each billow's
crest

Is filled with life, and strives above the rest
To rear his frothy top ; then rushes on,
In foaming haste, until the shore is won ;
To waste its fury 'gainst some sea-worn rock
That countless ages has withstood the shock
Of rushing waves, and hurled them back again
To meet the inflowing current of the main.

S.

BABEL.

HUSHED into stillness lay the midnight plain,
 And dark against the purple sky
 In lonely majesty,
 Towered that wondrous pile—the effort vain
 Of a mad world to live in memory.
 Rising in tier on tier, and yet again
 In gallery on golden gallery,
 Sombre and still the proud presumptuous mass
 Awaited the loud tumult, and the hand
 Of countless workers yet to overpass
 All bounds of time, mortality, to stand
 Its head among the planets' whirl, its base
 Firm-fixed to be the wonder of each land.

Around the side ran, sculptured fair,
 Old stories of primeval world,
 The dark earth wondering at the starry line,
 The glory of the orb of day, and there
 Those heaven-aspiring angels earthward hurled ;
 And rich and rare
 The storied walls rose upward, with a stair
 Enwreathed around them, like the vine,
 Close to the windy elm-tree curled,

And drooping in the pauses of the wind
Her sunny leaves about the glowing bunches
twined.

Far as the verge of sky did reach
The tented myriads lay,
Innumerable as on the rock-bound beach
In some deep-brooding bay,
Before the confusion and rush of the wind
The storm-breakers burst in feathery spray,
And prelude the fury that lingers behind
The utter cloud-darkness in battle array.

Is it a star ! a star !
Or meteor rushing bright !
That shines where constellations are
And grows in light,
Opening, opening like a rose,
Wings are beating the gloom, and close,
And closer an angel silvery white,
With thunder about his feet,
With the beat
Of thunder about his wingéd feet !

He stands on the tower, his eagle eyes
Are fixed on the slumbering plain ;
He sees the farthest tent that glimmering lies,
Dimly shown,
And the wilderness lone

Beyond the uttermost mortal gaze ;
Then his hand he lays
On the crown incomplete of the tower ; the first
 pallid rays
Of the dawn touched his wings, as in thunder he
 says :—

“The swift-footed days
Have numbered a time and half a time ;
The Author Sublime
Hath scattered thy glory and shattered thy praise.

“Confusion and tumult henceforth be thy name,
And the flame
Of discord sever with Babel of sound,
And the flying of camels to find
A land beyond the Sun’s golden bound,
And to speed on the wings of each hurrying wind,
Till after many mad wildering years
All ocean and earth shall be calmed, and the
 blind
Struggle after the vain be lost, and all tears
Wiped away in the love of the Infinite Mind,
And the flush of the morning that never dies
From the roscate depths of marvellous skies.”

A flash in the night ! He is gone !
And the plain,
Where the morning is cleaving his way alone

From under a fire-fringed cloud, with a sword
Dew-dripping, and scattering diamond rain
Far abroad,
Is shaken with rushing, hurrying feet,
And a clamour as loud as the cry that is blown
From the ocean line of birds, when they beat
The wild breeze,
That roars from over the wind-driven seas,
When they seek like an arrow voluptuous lands
Of low red sunsets and gold-scattered sands,
Where over the valley the mountain stands,
And the incense of flowers ascends up to God,
Where the shadowy spirit of morning hath trod.

Madly they glared at each other ; the blast
Of Heaven's displeasure cold-withering blew,
And at last
The long laden line of camels swift flew,
Some east and some west ;
And the babel of sound
All the still blazing noon
Roared ever around
The motionless pile, till the moon
Gazed down on the ruin of hopes and the ground
Bestrewn with the weary unable to fly,
—Over all the deep sky,
And the fire-panting stars that never can die.

CARTHAGE.

FROM "CARTHAGE," PRIZE POEM, 1879.

IMPERIAL city, seated by the flood,
 That murmurs 'neath thy palaces and towers,
 Where colonnade on colonnaded tier
 Lies wavering in the azure tide below,
 Not like great Ilion did thy mighty walls
 Loom into vastness o'er the wondering plain,
 To those sweet notes that from his silver lyre
 Apollo poured, but with laborious toil
 Of myriad workers rose the lofty height,
 Piled up with marble and barbaric gold,
 The wealth of ages. On the southern side
 The loving earth spread out, and robbed the sea
 Of her embrace, that girdled all the rest.
 The ocean in submission kissed her feet,
 And rolled the glories of each orient shore
 To fill her spacious harbours, where the ships
 Close-thronged the sky with forests of dark masts,
 Where toiled the hardy sailor. Through her gates
 Streamed every morning, when the mighty sun
 Awoke the city's roar, a countless throng

Of every nation underneath the sky,
One Babel of innumerable tongues,
That roared and tossed along the stately streets.
And every morn a hundred victims fell
To Baal, as the glorious God of the day,
And incense from a thousand censers curled
Its smoke to heaven in his stately shrine,
That rose to catch the earliest kiss the sun
Glowed on the city. And when the evening star
Told of day ended, and the moon upreared
Her cold sad orb, pealed out the hymn of praise,
That incense-wafted soared upon the air
To hail Astarte goddess of the night.

R. H. DOMENICHETTI.



A FACE.

A BROW upon whose broad expanse a toil-worn
sorrow lingered,
Yet noble in serenity as ever sculptor fingered,
Grave-shadowed eyes, within whose depths a
mighty will lay shining,
As kindly as a woman's eyes, without their soft
repining.
A man in truest truth wert thou, as strong and
simple-hearted
As ever martyr, for Christ's sake, to doom and
death departed.
O thin grey hairs, grown grey for me, when life
and hope were broken,
Ye held for me a sanctity unfading though un-
spoken.
O steadfast eyes, that now are blind to Earth in
quiet sleeping,
Ye sadden now no more, I trust, at human woe
and weeping.
O lips, whose kindly words are dumb to answer
my faint greeting,
I pray that in some future day there be another
meeting,
That, with the mists of Earth forgot, in an un-
clouded weather,
Within the golden courts of God we stand again
together.

MERLIN.

NIGHT AT AVIGNON.

No cloud between the myriad stars and me,—
 Soft music waving o'er a sleeping land
 Of winds that fret about the cypress tree,
 And Rhone's swift rapids rippling past the sand.
 Arch over arch, and tower on battled wall,
 Against the violet deepness of the skies ;—
 And one grey spire set high above them all,
 Where round the hill the moon begins to rise.
 An hour's knell rings softly out once more,
 From unseen cloister where the misty bridge
 Fades in the distance of the further shore,
 And nearer spires repeat it o'er and o'er ;
 One great blue star peers through the seaward
 ridge ;
 A hollow footfall up the echoing street
 Goes wandering out to silence, and the breeze
 Drops faint and fainter, here beneath my feet
 The grass is all with violets overstrewn ;
 Oh listen, listen, there beneath yon trees
 Do you not hear the lute that lovers use !
 One sets the discord of its strings atune :—
 And in the dreamland of the rising moon
 They sing some olden love-song of Vacluse.

RENNELL RODD.

SUNSET.

THE shipwrecked sun lay stranded on gloom,
Flaming and sinking down to its doom,
With rent cloud-cordage and shattered mast,
Beaten and tost, and vanishing fast
In a billowing stretch of fiery flood,
Where the rugged cliffs of the sky-island stood.
It has sunk ; and the utmost horizon-line
Is feathered and rough with a golden brine,
Till softly the heaven's slow-wavering breast,
In a liquid amethyst lulls to its rest,
And deepens to violet-darkening bars,
And, cluster on cluster, the wondering stars
Steal out from the purple immensity ;
And last, like some pinnace on tropical sea,
By palm-covered islands where nightingales sing,
The mighty moon drifts forth with a swing ;
Then, as though by a soon-wearied wing of wind
driven,
Lies bright and becalmed on a fathomless heaven.

R. H. D.

“THE POET’S DREAM.”

SOME have held that truest motion of the bosom’s
flight of praise,
With the purest soul-devotion may be caught in
Nature’s ways.
I remember how a yearning to express her songs
aright,
With the summer moons returning, drove me
forth into the night.
But the zephyr’s soft reproving drove away all
touch of pride,
And I felt my doubts removing as I paced the
river side :
Watched the pale stars faintly shiver with the
gentlest winds that blow,
Till the deep abyss of river seemed afire beneath
their glow.
Weeping-willows kissed the ripple as it curled
amid the weeds
To a never-ceasing drip of the water in the
reeds.

And the night-bird wildly thrilling, with a mind
to cleave the sky,
All my raptured soul was filling with a flood of
melody.
For the breath of night inspiring to such harmony
gave birth,
That it seemed the never-tiring song of heaven,
not of earth.
So I listened to her pealing as I lay in moss and
dew,
Till there stole o'er me a feeling such as dreamer
never knew.
For a mellow light was streaming from the
slowly-rising moon,
Showing all the woodland gleaming as in sum-
mer's brightest noon ;
Then arose a distant humming as of flower-
wooing bees,
And a murmur " we are coming " gently breathed
thro' the trees.
Came about me a bright chorus of a myriad
glancing wings
Mid a symphony sonorous raised aloft on clear-
toned strings.
" Say what make ye in the gloaming ? " " We
are spirits of the flowers,

And we drink sweet pleasure roaming thro' our
peaceful hallowed bowers.

Now we celebrate the wedding of the lily and
the rose ;—

Come ! Oh, come and do our bidding, for the
brief night quickly goes.

Well we know thou art a poet, with a fancy free
and bright ;

Thou hast loved us and we know it ; we will
make thee ours to-night."

So they led me not unwilling to their deepest,
wildest glen,

Where that bird's impassioned trilling caught my
wond'ring soul again.

Birds and flowers gaily thronging made a scene
so passing fair,

That my rapt sight knew no longing but to linger
ever there.

Loud the harps of flowers were ringing : each
shrill warbler tuned his lute ;

Till a hush fell on their singing, and the grove
of song was mute.

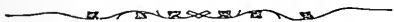
Then in state upon the waters did I see the lily
glide,

While all summer's fairest daughters lay in wait-
ing on their bride.

Some there were, choice fairies, rowing her small
bark of reeds and ferns ;
Some with tresses loosely flowing paying homage
as she turns.
While he, rosy consort, standing on the mossy
bank to grace
His own lily maiden standing, locks her firm in
love's embrace.
Long their hymeneal dances wakened echoes in
the glen,
Never marred with blighting chances such as
cross the ways of men !
Till their queen with aspect loving—" Longer
here we may not stay,
For a breath of morn is moving on the eyelids
of the day.
To the past has been given what the worldly
never see,
Such sweet dreams on summer even in the heart
of nature free.
Write of us in burning pages—for thine insight
now is true,—
That will live into the ages with a beauty ever
new."
Then the spirits with her speaking faded, singing,
into air,

And the dawn with golden streaking found me
lying lonely there.
To my mind the flowers seemed brighter as they
opened to the day,
And the song of birds rang lighter, and the
meadows smiled more gay.
With a happier step retreating where I wandered
moody last,
I could feel a holy beating in the sunbeams as
I passed.

M. B. L.



ORPHEUS' SONG.

FROM "THE SIRENS," PRIZE POEM, 1880.

HARK! hark! to the battle the clarions sound,
Each warrior prepares him, each steed paws the
ground!
Soon, soon shall the earth shake and tremble
beneath,
And the eye flashing courage be darkened in
death.
O see ye yon field where the valiant lie slain,
Where the shield and the sword are strewn thick
on the plain?

There chariot and charger are weltering in gore,
And the heroes that slumber shall wake never
more.

O give me the life of the helmet and shield,
And the quick-coming death on the corpse-
covered field.

'Tis the life of the noble, the life of the brave,
The happiest end, the most glorious grave.
This, this be my lot when the trumpets are pealing,
When rider and steed all around me are reeling,
When brave men stand fast and the timorous fly,
In the thick of the battle to live and to die.

Then sing not of love and of pleasure to me,
What rest or what peace have the bold and the
free ?

Keep your magic and spells for the coward and
slave,

Your mystic enchantments, they charm not the
brave.

For there lies a sure talisman deep in the heart,
From the straight path of honour ne'er, ne'er to
depart ;

Where danger doth threaten and duty command,
There we fight, there we fall, foot to foot, hand
to hand.

H. M'L. INNES.

LUCCIOLE.¹

FOLLOW where the night-fire leads
Of the winged Lucciolá,
Where through waving river seeds
Water-mirrors wreathed of reeds
Catch its glimmer from afar ;

Where the falling water plays,
Up the hillside, ever higher
In the pathless forest ways
Every branch is in a blaze
With the glint of magic fire.

Are they fairies that have flown
Stealing glamour from a star,
Flitting where wild weeds o'ergrown
Keep the forest all their own ?
Tell me of the Lucciolá.

Love, they are as we to-night
In the branches tossed above,
Only longing in their flight
That the moon and stars be bright,
And the night be long for love.

¹ Fireflies.

Once the Love-God seemed to sorrow
For the tears that he had cost ;
Lending love to those that borrow,
But to lose him on the morrow ;
And the labour he had lost.

Fretting more that true love's sighs,
Go forgotten with the rest,
Fretting that his best work dies,
All the longing of the eyes,
And the thrill from breast to breast.

So, of all good things the giver,
Love gave lovers this fair thing,
That their vows should live for ever
In the lights that glance and quiver
Through the summer night, and spring.

So the loves that rest unbroken
Evermore recorded are,
Every word of longing spoken,
Every love-song has its token,
Living in the Lucciolá.

EROS.

“THE OLD CRIMEA.”

I.

WE were three in a mess together,
Jack and old Tom and I ;
Each loved each as a brother,
Each for the other would die ;
And now our thoughts oft fly backward
To the graves where our friends lie low,
And we think of our old companions
Who died with their face to the foe.
Then we drink to the Queen and country :
We drink to all loved ones dear ;
And we drink to each old and absent friend,
But the toast we decree to be kept to the end
Is “The days of the Old Crimea !”

II.

BUT Jack's got a wooden leg, lads,
And old Tom's minus an arm,
And I am the only one, lads,
Who escaped without serious harm ;

But I'm not as strong as I was, lads,
And I've got some proud scars to show,
For you'll find that a Russian ball, lads,
Leaves a mark where it's chanced to go
Then we drink to, etc.

III.

And here we all sit together,
Together we mess as of yore,
And talk of the days gone by, lads,
The days that shall come no more;
And the tear rises up unbidden,
As we think of those lonely graves
On the wild bleak shore of the old Crimea,
Washed by the Black Sea waves.
Then we drink to, etc.

L.



FROM THE HILL OF GARDENS.

THE outline of a shadowy city spread
Between the garden and the distant hill—
And o'er yon dome the flame-ring lingers still,
Set like the glory on an angel's head :

The light fades quivering into evening blue
Behind the pine-tops on Janiculum ;
The swallow whispered to the swallow, " Come !"
And took the sunset on her wings, and flew.

One rift of cloud the wind caught up suspending
A ruby path between the earth and sky ;
Those shreds of gold are angel wings ascending
From where the sorrows of our singers lie ;¹
They have not found those wandering spirits yet,
But seek for ever in the red sunset.
Pass upward, angel wings ! Seek not for these,
They sit not in the cypress planted graves ;
Their spirits wander over moonlit waves,
And sing in all the singing of the seas ;
And by green places in the spring-tide showers,
And in the re-awakening of flowers.
Some pearl-lipped shell, still dewy with sea foam,
Bear back to whisper where their feet have trod ;
They are the earth's for evermore ; fly home !
And lay a daisy at the feet of God.

EROS.

¹ Keats, Shelley.

MORNING ON THE THAMES.

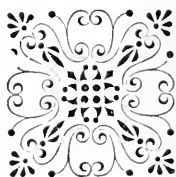
'TIS early morning on the Thames. The sky
Is cloudless, but a haze o'er all on high
Lies brooding,—as it were a lovely maid
In all her wedding bravery arrayed,
Drooping around her head, a veil of white
Can scarce conceal her beauty from our sight.
The sun is shining softly through the mist ;
So warm and kind, as if in love he kissed
The veil which part obscured his daughter's
 charms,
And, melting it away, sprang to her arms.
Around, the eye a fairy forest marks
The masts and rigging of the countless barks
That lie asleep, as if with labour spent.
How shall we tell whence each one's course was
 bent ?
Perchance this sailed from Ind or Araby,
Making long furrows in the fitful sea ;
Or from those regions where the Icy Queen
Sits undiscovered midst the North Star's sheen.

But look ! the air is clearing,—bathed in gold,
The fringing of the curtain that has rolled
From off the scene, tower and fretted spire
Each gleam and flash and glow as if on fire ;
And fairest of all those that meet our sight
Westminster stands, the home of law and right.
There that vast fane lifts up its shapely dome,
So dear a sight to all who know a home
In happy England ;—here a different scene
Looms through the distance,—many a king and
queen,

And many a scion of a noble race
Have here met death's grim horrors face to face ;
The Tower of London looking sternly down
Over the water with relentless frown.
And that dark gate, like ogre's fangèd jaws,
Through which poor wretches that forsook the
laws

Of Justice and their Nation sadly passed,
Knowing full well that journey was their last.
Here anchored calmly by the river's side,
Their service done, watching with father's pride
England's young seamen, who are called to keep
Unsullied her bright name upon the deep,
Lie the vast hulks of warrior ships, that bore
The brunt of battle and the cannon's roar.

But see ! far out beyond this busy rush
Of men and ships, stilled in a quiet hush,
The mouth of the great river,—all is rest ;
Some scattered boats lie on the water's breast ;
The river shimmers in the dancing light,
Reflecting their bright canvas ;—'tis a sight
Might well be honoured by the painter's art ;
Such calm repose would soothe the troubled heart,
Plunging all woe and sorrow's gnawing pain
Into deep Lethe, ne'er to rise again.



“Y^E ANCIENTE CRICKET MATCH.”

ONCE on a time the Heroes sent to the gods in
 Heaven
 A challenge (so the legend goes) to play with
 their Eleven
 A match at cricket. 'Tis of this of which I mean
 to tell,
 And beg you listen patiently to all that then
 befell.

Zeus was elected captain of the celestial team,
 Which made all Heaven's well-wishers with satis-
 faction gleam ;
 That post to old Odysseus, the heroes did
 assign,
 Who upon earth was held to be the “champion”
 of that time.
 Punctual at noon Odysseus, he of the many
 wiles,
 Came up to Zeus to toss, his face all wreathed in
 smiles—

Up from his finger spun the coin, "Heads!
Heads!" cried Zeus, like thunder,
But down upon the grass it fell with tails up and
heads under.

Odysseus stooped and from the grass his drachma
up did pick,
Which he had weighted cunningly—though 'twas
a dirty trick.

"We'll take first innings, Zeus," he said, "the
ground is nice and fast,
But Styx is likely to overflow, and then it will
not last."

(For Pluto offered his own ground, by Charon
kept so trim,
His worthy ground-man, who for years and years
had lived with him.)

"Now, Heracles," Odysseus said, "in first we two
will go,
And break the bowling of the gods, that is the
thing you know."

So to the wickets first they went to face the
skilful bowling
Of Pluto with his "undergrounds" and Zeus'
round-arm trolling.

Pluto began and rattled down three maiden
daisy-cutters,

The fourth sharply returned to him the trundler
badly butters,
For straight from Heracles' bat it flew with
fearful force,
And, to say truth, old Pluto feared a bit to stay
its course ;
Straight to the boundary it flies (the umpire
calleth four),
But trying to repeat the stroke, he is out "leg
before."
Then out came Philoctetes, a very steady
bat,
A dodgy bowler too, who once ere this had bowled
a hat ;
Ajax too came to run for him, as he had hurt
his foot,
Indeed he suffered no slight pain in putting on
a boot,
But Zeus objecting said, it was not what he called
cricket,
So Philoctetes had to run himself between the
wicket.
Soon in the middle of the pitch Laertes' wily
son,
Placing the ball judiciously, quick started for a
run,

"Yes, yes," he shouted, "No, no, no," the other did exclaim,

"Those short ones, really, I can't run, I am so very lame."

"Come on, come on ;" "No, no, go back ; I cannot start so soon,

I cannot do it even yet (he said, οὐδὲ καὶ νῦν)."

"'Tis no use now," Odysseus said, "ὄλωλα, I'm undone,

But if you'd only come at first there was an easy run."

So next in comes Prometheus, he who had great forethought,

Who not alone men fire did give, but also cricket taught.

"Good morning, Philoctetes, I see you're very lame,

But Æsculapius, if you ask, will put you right again."

Quickly the great physician came running from long-leg,

"Tell me," said he, "the boon from me which you would beg.

Ah, yes," he said, "I see, your state we'll quickly alter,

By the mere application of sawdust and cold water."

Thus did his great Forethought restore the bats-
man's toes,

Truly the poet says all boons are ἐκ προμηθέως.
Well did these two now bat and quickly raise
the score,

By ones and twos, by threes and fours, till it was
eighty-four.

Change after change was tried, but still the runs
came fast,

Till Zeus again the leather took, and then their
day was past.

With fearful force he bumped them down in front
of his own toes,

And straight for poor Prometheus' head the
whizzing leather goes.

Insensible upon the ground the wounded bats-
man fell—

Yet that Zeus pleased at this did feel, 'tis only
right to tell,

“Take that,” he muttered, “and next time don't
you be so officious ;

If I can do ditto again, why that will be de-
licious.”

So poor Prometheus from the ground they bore
but scarce alive,

And to his name was registered “retired hurt,
thirty-five.”

His place was filled by Briareus, who snicked
a lucky four,
But was not destined after this to add unto his
score :
A bumpy one from Zeus just grazed a straggling
hand,
In truth, 'twas hard to miss that limb, so wide
it did expand ;
Proteus, who stands behind the stumps six yards
or thereabout,
Catches the ball, appeals "How's that?" and
Minos gives it "out."
Ajax and Atreus, who came next, did nothing
worth relating ;
But Philoctetes' play was fine, especially his
placing.
Still he received but poor support, till Polyphemus came,
The cricket shewed by Sisyphus and Atlas being
tame :
The first amassed a careful "duck ;" the second
only four,
And thus, with two more to go in, at 90 stood
the score.
But now another stand was made, and ringing
are the cheers,

As on the board, at half-past one, the century appears.

Old Polyphemus did not take much time to get his eye in :

He had but one, a big one though, and that there's no denying.

To all points of the field he hit, right lustily and hard,

Yet to the rules by most observed, paid not the least regard.

Wides to the off sped by long-on, and straight ones to long-leg,

Yet never to the bowler says, "Your pardon I would beg."

He only chuckles, and says, "I make my runs where'er I can ;

You say I pull, but I merely hit *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*."

At length, in rushing out to hit a full-pitch to the ropes,

He misses, but not it his stumps (alas for human hopes !).

The veteran Nestor now whipped in, but stayed not very long,

But after making four more runs, unluckily played on.

Thus to one hundred and two score the total
did amount,
Of which as much as sixty-two are due to the
account
Of Philoctetes, who went in when the first wicket
fell,
And ever since had played the game both pluckily
and well.

And now the bell for luncheon rings, but it
were long to tell
All that in this important match each cricketer
befell ;
How, when the gods came out to bat, Zeus hit
in wondrous style,
And with Pan's aid and careful play defied their
foes awhile ;
How Bacchus came upon the ground in a dis-
graceful state—
How much he drank at luncheon-time, 'twere
shocking to relate ;
How all the time he shouts, “ὦ παῖ, ὦ παῖ, bring
me to quaff
Another cotyl—mind it's iced—of foaming
shandygaff ;”
How to the wicket in his turn, a sorry sight, he
reeled,

But soon returned for having been "obstructive
to the field ;"

How, after this, among the gods a panic then
set in,

Each one returning back again, as fast as he
went in.

Suffice to say that, when it seemed the gods
must be disgraced,
Old Tantalus, the team's last hope, fearless his
captain faced.

Slowly but surely mounts the score ; at length
they want but three—

They win, they lose, a hundred times, whichever
will it be ?

"Back up, back up," is heard around, from the
excited crowd :

It reaches Tantalus' ears,—Fools that ye spake
so loud.

But see Odysseus takes the ball, and to the
wicket hies,

As if to bowl. Out of his ground rashly the
batsman flies.

Round on his heel Odysseus spins, the ball still
in his hand ;

In vain poor Tantalus turns back, he slips, he
cannot stand,

And now upon the turf he falls, and as he helpless lies,
Trumphantly Laertes' son unto the Heroes cries,
"I think, my boys, we've won this match!" and
off he whips the bails ;
And then with wingéd words of scorn the fallen
god thus rails :—
"Well art thou named Tantalus, for rueful must
it be,
To lose a match so nearly won, all for the lack
of three."
Then quoth old Nestor, laughingly, "I think 'tis
also true
That πολύμητις, after all, ain't a bad name for you ;
And should I ever play again, my only wish
will be,
To have as captain Odysseus, and win by only
three."

BOB.



THREE VOICES.

THE song of the fishers is heard afar,
As they homeward glide with a lazy oar,
Chanting a melody, quaint and low,
Of brave deeds many a year ago,
Till the keel grates up on the yellow shore.

The fisherman's daughter doth ply her wheel,
And gaily she singeth a love-song free,
And the soft wind bearing her carol sweet,
Thro' the flow'rs that bend 'neath his passing feet,
Blows down to the waves of the sun-lit sea.

The hymn of the sky-lark goes up to God,
Far up in the blue of the cloudless heaven,
Yet of his minstrelsy sweet and clear,
For the raptured sense of the list'ning ear,
Is the distant strain to us mortals given.

The fishermen chant of the storied Past,
While the maiden sings of her sailor lad ;
But, out of sight, in the blue-domed height,
The bird seemed to tell, on his heavenward flight,
Of a Future, unseen, but strangely bright,
And his faint, sweet singing maketh me glad.

MERLIN.

SONNET.

SWIFT, swift but silent slips away the stream
 Beneath the bridge by which the willows weep ;
 Athwart the windy sky the thin clouds sweep,
 And through them, scarcely veiled, the white
 moonbeam
 Touches the water with a mournful gleam ;
 Beside the level lawn's moon-silvered sleep,
 The tall limes toss their boughs with sighings
 deep,
 And moanings as of one in weary dream.
 Still mid the wind the moon looks through the
 night
 With the faint misty halo round her spread
 Like some Madonna at her dear Son's feet,
 Pictured upon the artist's canvas bright.
 A shining glory round about her head
 So calm, so sorrowful, so wondrous sweet.

Nῆσος.

THE DEATH OF JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

FROM "JUDAS MACCABÆUS," PRIZE POEM, 1882.

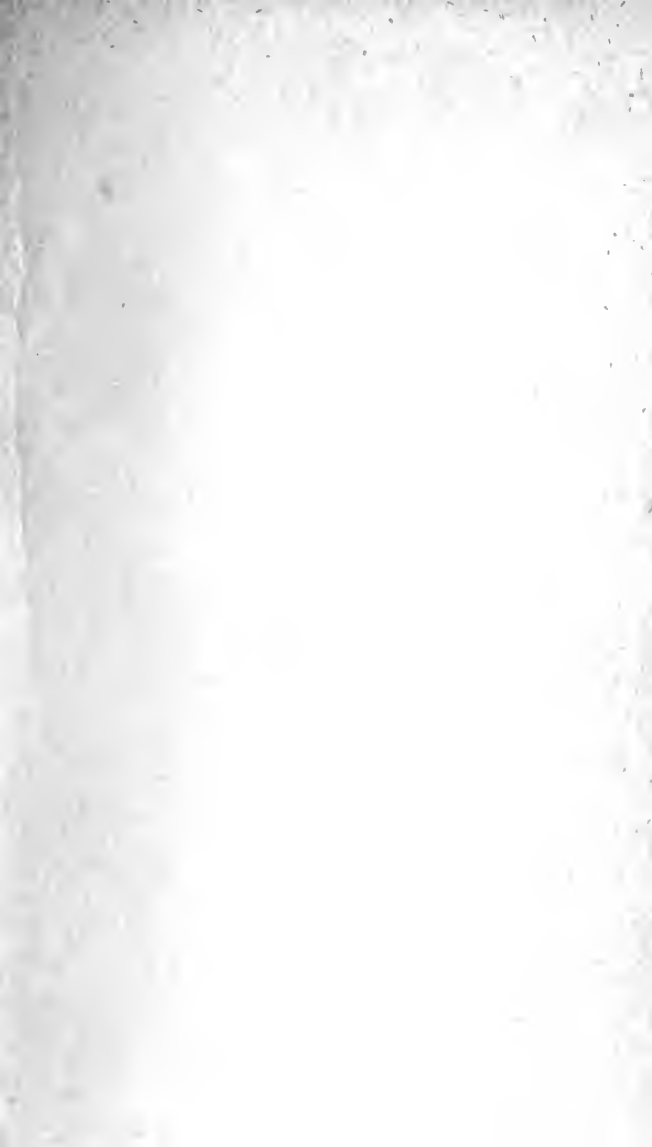
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ALAS, that grief should shadow joy so soon !
 But the brief waning of one winter moon,
 And, on those barren hills he loved so well,
 The noblest life that lived for Israel
 Gave its great spirit to the Heaven o'erhead,
 Judas, the brave, the beautiful, was dead.
 Fallen had he upon a desperate field,
 Died with a noble calm that scorned to yield,
 Died, fronting death, and in the foremost place,
 Died, with the light of God upon his face.
 Homeward they bare him on their dented shields
 To rest at Modin, 'neath his father's fields,
 And voices hushed along the village street,
 As mournfully, with slow and solemn feet,
 Down at his father's side they came to lay
 What yesterday was life, and dust to-day.
 Rest, thou great heart, thy troubled war is past,
 Still thy brave pulses into peace at last ;

The work is finished thou hast wrought so well,
And through the centuries thy name shall dwell
Linked with the memory of Judah's needs,
Of weary strugglings, and of golden deeds.
Let us, that share the faith thou purifiedst,
A cause as great as that for which thou diedst,
Lift hearts as earnest to some glorious end,
Leaving the passing hours we have to spend
Not all forgotten, as we follow thee
Up Time's dim stair into Eternity.

F. H. TRENCH.

THE END.



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